

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

### SUICIDE PREVENTED.

It was my fortune, in the summer of the last year, to be on a visit of pleasure, at the seat of an uncle, in the county of Kent; ever a lover of the country, and the season being particularly inviting, I frequently arose early in the morning, to indulge myself with a meditative ramble amidst the rural intricacies of so delightful a scene, generally accompanying my walk with some favourite author. In one of those amusing morning excursions, when the rising sun had given an additional brilliancy to the waving foliage, and the winged choristers of the grove were chanting their mellifluous notes, to greet the smiles of newborn day, I was tempted, by the surrounding charms of nature, to stray farther than usual into the wood, which was situated near the house; when my attention was suddenly attracted, by a deep and seemingly involuntary sigh; the sound penetrated my soul with horror, and at the same moment, a feeling of pity for the person from whom it proceeded, though at present unknown and unseen. I imperceptibly quickened my pace, fully expecting to find some traveller, who had been beset by thieves in the night, and left for dead. Endeavouring to trace from whence this sound proceeded, I soon arrived at an irregular grass plot, and at the opposite side, beneath a hazel, I discovered a man, sitting in apparent deep agony of mind; as he had not yet espied me, I paused one moment, and had an opportunity to examine his person and features. He was dressed in a shabby great coat, cut in the military style, and evidently impaired by service. He appeared to be a young man, about thirty years of age; his face was interesting, though rather clouded with melancholy, and a genteel and graceful air seemed cast through his whole appearance, occasionally intermingled with looks that bespoke the horror of a disturbed mind. He seemed wrapt in thought, frequently sighing, and gazing ardently on an old rusty gun, which lay a few paces from him on the grass. He at length arose with a frenzied air, and paced backwards and forwards several times; upon which I retired a few steps, to shield myself from his sight, that I might the more leisurely observe his actions.

Conceiving himself alone, and quite secure from mortal eye, I could hear him making ejaculations to himself, but I was too far from the spot to discover their import; at length he ran hastily to the gun, and snatching it up with eager impetuosity—"Yes,—yes,—I will—it must be so;—forgive me, O God!"—and with these words, he was in the act of raising it, to put a period to his existence, when I sprang from my retreat, and without being seen, caught his arm just time enough to prevent the threatened catastrophe, and to discharge it in the air. "Good God!" said I, "what are you about to do? think, and reflect!" This sudden and unexpected interruption—the defeat of his intended purpose—and the contending conflict of agitating thoughts,

that rushed at this awful moment into his mind, subdued his manly powers, and he sunk breathless at my feet, upon the instrument he had intended for his distraction, which had just before fallen from his determined grasp; there being a small rivulet running at a short distance, I hastened thither, and brought a sufficient quantity of water to sprinkle his face; then using the best means in my power, in a short time I had the pleasure to see him revive, and recover the senses he so recently appeared to have lost. "Alas, kind sir!" said he, seizing me by the hand, with a fervency of manner, and a look of the most earnest entreaty, "you know not what you have done—why am I permitted to live? I have already lived too long. To what a wretched existence you have preserved me—me—a wretch, whose miseries can scarcely be multiplied, and whose hopes are completely extinguished—" Here his feelings again seemed too strong for utterance; I raised him up, and leaning on my arm, he hid his face in his handkerchief, and sought the only relief that could be obtained, in a flood of tears; as soon as he was a little recovered, "to you and heaven, sir," said he, "I shall always be grateful, for interposing in behalf of a wretched mortal, who, in the agony of despair, not only forgot himself, but his Creator, who, in the wisdom of his divine providence, sent you as a guardian angel, to stop the hand of suicide." I did not attempt to interrupt the progress of his reflections, so just and so appropriate as they appeared to be, but, taking him by the arm, attempted to lead him gently from the spot. "Excuse me one moment, sir, this spot is somewhat dear to me; it contains at this period, the only two friends I have in the world." "How?" said I, looking around—"I mean, sir," said he—"yourself—and my gun—we must not be separated." I took the gun in my hand, and we walked on together, towards the residence of my uncle, where, on our arrival, after a brief explanation to my uncle, who willingly excused my absence from the family party; we sat down together to the homely pleasures of a farm house meal, rendered doubly interesting by the past occurrences of the morning. In the course of my conversation, I discovered him to be a young man of powerful intellect; but at the same time, of equally poignant feeling, perhaps a little irritated by his misfortunes to which, by his subsequent relation I found he had been subjected; which relation, having finished our repast, the willing and grateful stranger gave me the account of, in the following words.

"I am the son of a reputable tradesman, whose intention was to bring me up to his own business, that of a watchmaker in the city of London; but my disposition manifested itself in early life, to be in direct opposition to the placid perseverance of my lamented sire; and, notwithstanding the unwearied efforts he made use of, to instil the precepts of wisdom, he had derived from practical experience, into my youthful mind, I still ran counter to his wishes and hopes, declaring my determination to be a soldier. With this intent, I left his paternal roof, to brave the dangers of a profession with which I was but little acquainted, at the age of fifteen years, and entered into a

company of dragoons, with whom I was immediately ordered to the siege of Dunkirk, it being about the time of that memorable embarkation. You will perhaps wonder that so young as I was, I could be received into such a corps, but I was then as tall as I am now, and somewhat more lusty, for alas, misery has laid her withering finger on me since, and I have felt the cheerless thrill of inward horror ravaging a constitution once robust. I distinguished myself in the attack, and was remarked by the officers for my intrepidity, but received no reward in the realization of my hope to be raised to the rank of an officer. On my return to my native land in four years after, I found my parents dead, and only a sister surviving, who had married a sadler, and resided in Finsbury-place; her only female inmate, the elder sister of her husband; and, in my frequent visits to her house, the amiable Rosina, would listen to the tales of my youth with a sympathizing attention, which at length produced a mutual feeling of a yet stronger nature;—friendship grew to love. We had but just time to make known to each other the sentiments and feelings we entertained, when my regiment was ordered to embark for Spain: the conflict of passion we felt at this untimely separation may be easier felt than described. I sailed again from my dear native land—now dearer than ever; from the few relatives and friends I had left behind me; and from the nearer and dearer connexion I was about to have formed; and embarking for Spain, I again fought under the banners of my country, and that brave and generous officer, Sir John Moore; here, I again signalized myself by my valour and daring intrepidity, but without promotion, being accounted too impetuous to hold any command. I was at length discharged, and returned again to England, where I found my sister, the only relative I had in the world, reduced to misery, by the pressure of the times, and dying of a raging fever; and yesterday, the main stay of my heart, my beloved Rosina, expired in my arms. Overwhelmed with affliction at these accumulating losses and misfortunes, without the immediate consolations of any surviving friend, or even the cheerful prospect of continuing an honourable existence, I was stimulated to attempt the horrid act, from the execution of which, you have so generously preserved me."

Every word he spoke drew tears from my eyes. "To you," continued he, "I owe this existence, you have felt for my afflictions, and assisted me to support myself under them; and if you will not disdain one, whose life must for ever be clouded with melancholy, permit me to call you by the name of friend—as that will, in some measure alleviate my distress." He then embraced me in a most tender manner; I pulled out my purse, "Take it," cried I, "and may it serve your necessities, until providence shall relieve your distresses, by altering your situation for the better, or by throwing in your way some friend to humanity, whose circumstances in life may enable him to afford you more ample relief, than it is at present in my power to do; make it agreeable to yourself to give me an occasional visit here, and I shall always be glad to see you." The poor fellow's

heart was ready to burst with gratitude, he thanked me a thousand times; begged me to accept his gun, and keep it for his sake, and departed; since this, he has taken up his residence in the neighbouring village, and about a month ago, I was much gratified to find, that his applications at the Admiralty had so far been attended with success, as to procure a situation more than equal to his wants, and far above his expectations.

### PRESENCE OF MIND OF A RUSSIAN OFFICER.

Count Tottleben, so celebrated in the history of Germany for his numerous adventures, and the strange vicissitudes of his fortune, was once, while a general in the Russian service, on a journey from Warsaw to Petersburg. Travelling in a light, open chaise, accompanied by a single servant, he was one day overtaken by a violent storm, in the province of Livonia, twelve or fifteen miles from the town where he had intended to pass the night. The season was cold, the evening advanced, and he was himself wet to the skin; the rain contributed to render it still darker. A decent public house, that stood detached by the road side, very opportunely presented itself to our traveller. He alighted and entered, resolving to set out so much earlier the next morning.

The people of the house seemed very attentive and obliging. He was shewn into a room up stairs that was clean and neat, was promised a good supper; in short Tottleben had every reason to be satisfied with his accommodations. Accustomed from his youth to a wandering life, he used when in houses of public entertainment to pass very little time in his own apartment, but to associate with the other guests in the public room. There he entered into conversation with every one, whether a foreigner or a native, was affable, and even humorous; knew how to give and take a joke; told stories, and listened to those of others; and to this sociable disposition he joined prepossessing manners, and a figure distinguished for manly beauty. He seldom met with a man who was not pleased with his company; and still more rarely with a female who was not, at least secretly, interested in his favour. If she betrayed her sentiments for him, he was ready to take the slightest hint, and to avail himself of every advantage.

On the present occasion he adhered to his usual custom, and passed an hour or more below in the tap-room. He conversed with the host, who had formerly been in the military service, and still more with the hostess, a young, extremely pretty woman. He offered to stand godfather to her first born; jocosely inquired how her husband behaved; asked how she liked the married state, and predicted that she would have a son, or perhaps two at a birth. In a word, he indulged in that kind of chit-chat which young females of that condition, and under such circumstances, are fond of hearing, though they pretend that, from modesty, they cannot raise their eyes from the floor.

During this conversation a young servant maid was frequently backward and forward in the same room. The count might possibly not have observed



her, but she had taken so much the more notice of him. His handsome figure, the vivacity of his conversation, and even the foreign uniform which he wore, delighted her. She could have listened to him for a day together, but would have been still better pleased to converse with him herself. She was besides acquainted with a subject that very nearly concerned him; of which it was necessary that he should soon be informed, otherwise it would be too late. His ignorance, his security afflicted her; at the same time her interference was likely to cost her dear. Nevertheless, as often as she looked at him, she thought within herself—"No; he is too amiable!" At length she could refrain no longer, and as she passed him, she pulled him by the coat.

Tottleben perceived it. He looked at the girl, and observed her wink to him, but for what reason he knew not. From the usual vanity of his sex, he was not long, however, before he ascribed her conduct to one, which seemed as though it might have admitted a little farther delay. However, the girl was young, and, in his opinion, not a bad figure: there could be no harm in looking at her, and hearing what she had to say. Accordingly when she had gone away again, he withdrew, under the pretext of taking a little fresh air. She was already waiting for him at the door of the kitchen; she beckoned him to go into the yard, followed him in haste and agitation, and thus addressed him:

"For God's sake, sir, take care of yourself! You are not among such honest people as you imagine. They know that you have money with you. They intend to-night to rob you not only of that but also of your life, and for this purpose they have already sent for assistance. Be upon your guard; but, for God's sake do not betray me! If they perceive that I have given you warning it will cost me my life, that I am sure of; but yet I could not for my soul suffer such a brave officer and so fine a gentleman to be cut off in his sins."

This address, as may easily be conceived, made a deep impression upon Tottleben. A man of ordinary understanding would immediately have sought the means of escape by flight. He, thought he had but a moment of reflection, was instantly convinced that every attempt to fly in the night, and in a country to which he was an utter stranger, would be attended with equal, if not greater danger than he would incur by quietly remaining where he was. A presence of mind, almost incredible, inspired him on the spot with a very different idea. The maid was about to retire, when he quickly drew her back by the arm. "One word more, my girl," said he. "Does your master live on good terms with his wife?" "Yes, on the best," was the reply. "Does he really and truly love her?" "Almost as much as his own life."—"Very well! very well! now you may go. If I escape your fortune shall be made. If I die your warning shall die with me. I will never betray you. But mention not a single word, even to my servant."

The girl flew to the kitchen, and the count returned to the public room. Not a look betrayed him; his tone and temper were just the same as before, or at least so they appeared. He even ordered supper to be laid below, and would not sit down to it except on condition that his kind host and hostess should partake of it with him. He concealed his suspicions beneath the disguise of affability.

After supper he ordered a servant to bring a box that was still in his carriage. "There is not much in it," said he to the host. "It contains perhaps two hundred rubles, that are to carry me to Petersburg. I should wish good care to be taken of them, and where can they

be safer than in your hands? In eight weeks, when I return, I hope it will be heavier with gold than it is now with silver. Then I shall certainly call here again, and if, as I hope my little godson has found his way into the world, I will bring a present of at least fifty rubles for him." This declaration called forth a thousand thanks, and the landlord promised to keep the box all night under his pillow.

He immediately prepared to retire to bed, and the landlord to light him to his chamber. "Do you know, madam," said Tottleben, laughing, to his wife, "that this lighting is a job which I had much rather you would perform? But joking aside, I am so superstitious as to fancy that I always sleep as well again when a handsome woman shews me my bed as when a man attends me." At this proposal the woman looked rather strange, and shewed no great inclination to perform the office. The count still continuing in his jocular strain, put the candle into her hand, and took hold of her arm, observing, that she ought not to refuse the future godfather of her child such a trifling gratification; that motion after supper, especially in her situation, was wholesome for her; and that she might take the conjugal protector of her honour along with her. By these and other representations of a similar kind he at length prevailed upon her to accompany him, followed by her husband.

They now entered the chamber. Here Tottleben himself, as soon as he alighted from his carriage, had hung upon a nail a double-barrelled carbine, full charged with ball, and which he always carried with him when he travelled. He took good care not to cast a single look at it before the proper time. But while the woman was setting the candle on the table by the window, when she was just going to wish him good night, he quickly took down the weapon, and stepped still more hastily between the landlord and his wife. In a voice which suddenly passed from jest and laughter to the sternest tone of command, he cried, "No, my good woman, we are not yet going to part from each other so abruptly. On this chair, at this table, you must sit down, and pass the night in my company. Your chastity, I swear to you, shall run no risk in that time from me. But on the slightest noise at the door of the chamber, on the least opposition on your part, or any other, on the least attack upon myself, the three balls with which each of these barrels is charged shall dispatch you and your infant at once. This I swear by my hope of salvation!"

The landlord and his wife would sooner have expected the dissolution of nature than such an address. Both were silent for a minute, and then both did all they could. The woman piteously entreated Tottleben to permit her to go, threatened to swoon, to fall in labour on the spot, nay even to die; but in vain. The husband was at first at a loss to conceive what all this meant; he then had recourse to entreaties and protestations, assuring the count that he was as safe in his house as though he were in Abraham's bosom. At length, finding that nothing availed, he threatened to repel force with force, and to call his people to his assistance. Tottleben's presence of mind did not forsake him. "I have no doubt, sir," said he, "that you have plenty of people and assistance at hand; but they are not so near as to rescue your wife from death. If but a dog approaches, if but a hand is raised against me, I will blow her brains out. Besides the two barrels of my carbine, I have here a pair of pocket pistols capable of doing excellent service. I may be overpowered, I confess; but at least three or four men shall accompany me, and that charming woman shall go first to shew us the way. This is my mode in many public houses. If you do not like it, take care and let my horses

be fed and put to my carriage very early to-morrow morning. Now begone without delay. This chamber is to-night my apartment."

Villians commonly lose their courage, when they have true resolution to deal with: such was the case in the present instance. The woman sat down and the man withdrew. In this extraordinary situation the remaining couple passed the night. Tottleben seated at the table, just opposite to the hostess, spent the hours in reading and writing as well as he could. At the same time he kept his carbine on his arm, ready to fire, at the least noise that was made in the house. The poor woman immediately trembled like a criminal at the bar, entreating him not to be too hasty, and assuring him that nothing would happen to him. In fact, during the whole night not a foot was heard approaching the chamber of the count.

At the break of day came Tottleben's servant: before he was half way up the stairs he called out to let his master know who it was. He brought the box committed the preceding evening to the custody of the landlord, the count's breakfast, and a bill with very moderate charges. The count presented his fair companion the first cup of coffee, and after she had drank it, he took the rest quite at his ease. When he was informed that every thing was ready for his departure, he thanked the hostess for her good company, and begged her to favour him with it to his carriage. He then conducted her down stairs as politely as though she was the first lady of the court. At the house-door he stopped and inquired for the servant-maid, whom he had seen the day before, and whom he accurately described. She advanced trembling from a corner. All the suspicions of the landlord had already fallen upon her; already had he (as she afterwards related) promised, with the most tremendous imprecations, to give her a suitable reward, as soon as the stranger was gone. When Tottleben saw her by daylight, and looked at her more narrowly, he observed that she was a delicate, elegant girl. He threw her a full purse. "Take that," said he, "and if you are determined to stay here, buy a husband with it. But if you are afraid to remain with your master, come along with me; I will answer for your success, and I swear to provide for you as long as you live." The girl sprang into the carriage, leaving behind every thing she possessed, which probably, indeed, was of no great value. The count took leave of his fair hostess, begging her not to forget that he was to be godfather. He requested a kiss at parting, and then continued his journey.

He was afterwards informed by his servant, who had slept in the public room, that about midnight, three robust fellows softly entered the house, went into another room, and after a long conversation with the landlord sneaked away again. The girl who had been almost a year in the house, related, that during this time two strangers who had put up there had disappeared she knew not how. At the next town the count acquainted the magistrates with the whole affair. Soldiers were immediately dispatched, but they could not, or would not, find either the host or hostess. At the same place Tottleben provided his female deliverer with more decent apparel; she continued his companion to Petersburg, in which city she lived with him several years. At length, when the seven years' war called him into the field, he married her, and settled upon her a considerable sum.

#### THE ECHO.

(From the Dutch of Karel Van Velden-Woud.)

Weep, O ye lovers, weep! The fairest flower of the vale blooms no more! Annette is laid in her cold grave by the

hand of death, and the lilies and the roses, which were her pride and care during her life, grow now upon the hillock which covers her remains, transplanted, from her little garden, by her sorrowing friends. Annette was an orphan; in giving birth to this lovely maiden her mother died, and her distracted father, placing his infant daughter in his old, weeping mother's arms, with bitter tears streaming from his eyes, he quitted his humble cot, never more to return—he died in the service of his country!

Annette had attained the age of fifteen, and was the delight and consolation of the declining years of her grandmother. Youth and beauty had bestowed all their charms upon her. All the young men of the village were deeply in love with her; but she remained unmoved by their sighs or protestations; she pitied them, and candidly and generously confessed she could not love. No one can imagine how much these unfortunate lovers suffered, every zephyr bore in sighs her beloved name. "It was in vain they carved in rude letters 'Annette' on every tree. Annette saw it, she sighed and said, 'Alas! poor trees, 'tis pity you should be disgraced because I am handsome; why should they make you suffer for me!'"

Every father and mother would have been rejoiced to have had the fair Annette for a daughter-in-law, every son would have been blessed in calling her his wife, but she appeared inexorable. "I am too young," replied Annette, to all their solicitations to marry, "and moreover I cannot quit my dear grandmother and grandfather, who have nourished and instructed me, and helped me when I was helpless; if you really love me, you will not wish me to prove ungrateful!" She passed not her hours in idleness or inactivity; engaged either in the cot or the garden, or with her aged relatives, on whom she bestowed the most affectionate care and attention, time hung not heavily or unemployed upon her hands. The blind god, who likes not to be repulsed, became enraged at Annette's obstinate resistance, and—what can love not do?

At a festival celebrated in Annette's native village, to which all the youths and pretty lasses of the neighbouring villages were invited, came the young and sprightly Adrian. He had scarcely seen eighteen summers; his dark hazel eyes sparkled with youthful pleasure, his curling locks of the same hue fell gracefully over his shoulders, and his elegant figure seemed to have been formed for the airy movements of the fantastic dance, and, although he was so young, his language was so sweet, so pretty, and so winning; his manners so mild that many fair maidens sighed in secret for Adrian. The unyielding Annette even was soon aware of his influence, and whenever the handsome Adrian touched her hand in the enlivening dance, a glowing blush appeared upon her cheek, and her little heart beat quicker than the music; in short, she felt a pleasure which was a stranger to her till Adrian's arrival. At the conclusion of the festival, which lasted three happy days, Adrian presented himself before the ancient and respectable relations of Annette, who joyfully agreed to so advantageous a match, for Adrian's father was the richest man in his village, the youth was his favourite and only son, "but," added the old people, it depends wholly upon Annette." With inexpressible delight he sought the fair peasant, nor was she deaf to his winning eloquence; they loved mutually, and they were happy. In two months she promised him her hand, if he could gain his father's approbation. "O! beloved Annette!" exclaimed the enraptured Adrian, "thou hast indeed rendered me happy, and my love and gratitude shall be unbounded; of my father's refusal there is no fear—he cannot—he must not refuse me; he loves me too well to render me unhappy. To-morrow, my love, I will take my departure, and in four days return and claim



my sweet Annette's promised hand!" The morrow came, but Adrian could not quit his dear Annette; his village was far distant from hers, and he should not see her for four days. He spent the day in irresolution, but in the evening he determined to set out. He takes his leave of the old people, and he has now passed the threshold: Annette follows, and hangs tenderly upon him, while tears fill her lovely eyes and bedew her pale cheeks. "Farewell, Adrian, farewell," she can say no more, for tears prevent her utterance, and her heart is nearly breaking. He embraces her tenderly, and imprints a parting kiss upon her rosy lips—he has quit her—she wipes away the big tears which dim her eyes, and she beholds her beloved Adrian turn round and kiss his hand to her; she returns the sign, and—he is lost in a dark green thicket. She keeps her eyes fixed upon the thicket, hoping yet once—but once more—to see him, and the uncertain shadows formed by the moonlight alternately raise and depress her hopes. She seated herself upon a green bank, and watched the rays of the moon playing in the mimic waves of the river which ran by the cot. Adrian pursued his way, thinking on his Annette and the pleasure of his return, when there appeared a sudden change in the air; the moon was soon obscured, the rain fell in large drops, and the distant murmuring and gathering of dark clouds foretold a thunder storm; the forked lightning played terrifically around him, his garments were soon drenched in rain, and his searching eye sought in vain for a shelter, and, moreover, he had, in the darkness and confusion of the warring elements, lost his way. "Alas!" exclaimed Adrian, "if I had departed this morning, I should have had daylight to direct me in this unknown way; but now I am not a whit the better for my haste, and I must remain in this lonely place till daybreak." He pursued his route, unconscious where it would lead him, and the rain continued to pour down in torrents. "Ah, unhappy Adrian!" exclaimed he aloud. "Adrian, Adrian!" repeated a loud voice, which appeared not very distant. "'Tis doubtless a friend sent by my Annette. He called me by my name, and he seeks me," and immediately he called out, "Holloa, friend! Come this way—come this way!" "Come this way—this way!" repeated still louder the same voice.

Ah, woe is me! 'tis the deluding voice of an echo, and the hapless Adrian listens to it with renewed hope, and runs forward to meet a supposed friend. The beloved and handsome Adrian—the favoured and happy lover of the beautiful Annette—finds a watery grave! No friendly hand was near to aid the struggling Adrian; in vain he combated against the rushing torrent, swelled by the heavy rain; and the echo, as he faintly, dying, sinking called for help, still mocked him with repeating "Help!" The fourth morning appeared, blushing and breathing a thousandsweets. Annette welcomed, with smiles, the rising sun, and quitted her neat little chamber to wander upon the banks of the river. She observes something floating in the water—with anxious looks she gazes upon it—alas! 'tis her lover's body! She utters a piercing shriek—her head swims—she falls—she dies for Adrian!

## THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who lozes and who wins; who's in and who's out,  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's apies. SHAKESPEARE

*The Ghost.*—It is related in the "Four Ages" by William Jackson, that at a town in the west of England, was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens' academy at

Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time, of course, his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant. The club having met on their usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings, that he could not positively survive the night; this threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight, (the time by long prescription, appropriated to the walking of spectres) the door opened, and the form in white of the dying, or rather of the dead man, walked into the room and took his seat in the accustomed chair; there he remained in silence, and in silence he was gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision; at length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living; went out, and then shut the door after him: after a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "if only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived."—The company by degrees recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up and went home. In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend—it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing at the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together. Years rolled on, the story had ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence incredulity. One of the club was an apothecary: in the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing, which lay on her mind.—"Do you not remember Mr. — whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. The night he died, I left the room for something I wanted, I am sure I had not been absent long, but at my return I found the bed without my patient, he was delirious and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window, I was so frightened that I had no power to stir, but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering and his teeth chattering—laid down on his bed and died! I kept this a secret for fear of what might be done to me, though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it, I know by what had happened that it was he himself who had been in the club-room, (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting;) but I hope God and the gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented.

*The False Alarm.*—During the siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a sentry, whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaches, storming and bloodshed! By the side of his box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas: a large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and in endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust

his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it: at this instant the soldier turned round, and came whistling towards his box, the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug, sticking on his head; this terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, bloodthirsty, Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous high cap on his head; full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal guns fired; and in less than ten minutes the Governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed, which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm!

*Classification of Mankind.*—1. The statesman or politician is one whose head is full of plans for the good of the nation, but who thinks not of bettering himself. He imagines that all his endeavours proceed from patriotism, whereas they originate in ambition.

2. The man of fashion, who thinks only of what he looks, not what he is. The thing he is most anxious about, is the sit of his neck-cloth, and the act of his coat. He mistakes astonishment for admiration, and thinks there is not such another person as himself in the world!

3. The man of taste: this person's character answers a good deal to the preceding; but with this addition, that he pretends to know a great deal of what he knows nothing about. This is the man, also, who delights in cock-fighting, bull-baiting, &c. and exercises his taste particularly in horse-flesh, forgetting that he makes himself inferior even to a groom.

4. The polite man, who, that he may be called agreeable, adopts the easy method of telling falsehoods. He is, generally a little given to swearing, but this only makes him a more pleasant companion.

5. The man of the world, who does just what he likes, and cares not what any body thinks. Contentment is his companion, and affectation and useless accomplishments are his greatest abhorrence.

6. The man of feeling; this person, though an amiable character, is apt sometimes to be carried away by enthusiasm, and to judge too severely of his fellow-creatures, by which means he becomes a misanthrope—a detestable character!

7. The man of sense—is a rarity!

*The will of Fortunatus Dreynul of Strasburg.*—At eight years old my grandfather gave me twenty-four livres, which, in sixty-four years became five-hundred. I divide it into five parts, every one hundred years, one-fifth to be taken from it and made use of.

First—One fifth in 100 years will be 13,000 livres, to be expended in making a morass arable, that lies near my native village.

One hundred years later, the second one-fifth part will be 1,700,000 livres, from this sum shall 80 prizes be founded for encouraging knowledge in husbandry.

One hundred years later, the third one-fifth part will be two hundred and twenty millions, from which shall be established 100 lumber houses, to advance money to honest and industrious citizens, without interest; and 12 museums, and 12 libraries, in the principal cities; each allowed annually, 100,000 livres, to support forty meritorious scholars.

One hundred years later, the fourth one-fifth will be 30 milliards, by which

one hundred new towns shall be built, and peopled with 150,000 people. Executors are allowed to convert the growing money into immoveables.

The last one-fifth will in 500 years, be 3,900 milliards, from which shall first our own National Debt, and then that of England, be paid from gratitude for Newton's beautiful work, called "Universal Art of Arithmetic." The first six executors shall be chosen from the most upright, each on dying shall appoint a successor, and for their trouble, they may on making use of the fourth-fifth part, share amongst themselves a small fraction of thirty-two millions.

*Piovano Arlotto.*—Piovano Arlotto was a native of Tuscany, and flourished in the fourteenth century. When only a poor curate, his humble condition did not depress his vivacity, or check the sallies of his wit and humour. As he was once preparing to make a journey, several of his friends requested him to make purchases for them in the town to which he was going; but all, excepting one, neglected to supply him with money for the purpose. He only executed the commission of this one; so that on his return, the others called upon him, and reproached him for his inattention to their wishes. "You must know, my friends," said Arlotto, "that in the course of my journey, I came to the side of a river, and there I took out the papers that contained your commissions, to look them over; on a sudden, a gust of wind arose, and carried all the papers down the stream, excepting one, which, as it had money in it, was too heavy to be blown away."

A wag having, for some petty debt, found his way to gaol, was asked, by the governor, what was his trade or calling, that he might be provided with the necessary implements to carry it on, every prisoner being allowed to make whatever he liked. "Is it so?" replied the wag, "then I beg you will provide me, instantly, with the requisite instrument from your girdle, as I wish, without delay, to make my escape."

A preacher the other day, in Wales, was discoursing on the troubles of Job, and particularly on that part of his life when his wife called on him to curse his Maker and die. "Ah my friends," said he, "for what she do the wicked thing? I don't know what could be the matter with the little woman unless she wanted to be a widow."

*An Example for Lawyers.*—Chamillart, Comptroller-General of the Finances in the reign of Louis XIV., had been a celebrated pleader. He once lost a cause in which he was concerned, through his excessive fondness for billiards. His client called on him the day after in extreme affliction, and told him that if he had made use of the document which had been put into his hands, but which he had neglected to examine, a verdict must have been given in his favour. Chamillart read it, and found it of decisive importance to his cause. "You sued the defendant," said he, "for twenty thousand livres. You have failed by my inadvertence. It is my duty to do you justice. Call on me into two days." In the mean time Chamillart procured the money, and paid it to his client on no other condition than that he would keep the transaction a secret.

*Garrick and Sterne.*—Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."



## THE TRAVELLER.

*'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world, & see the stir  
Of the great babel, and not feel the crowd.*

THE  
NORWEGIANS AND LAPLANDERS.

## No. III.

After the expiration of about two hours, the distant barking of the dogs indicated the coming of the deer, which we at last discerned winding slowly along the mountains at the distance of near a mile, presenting only the appearance of a black moving mass blending with the dark sides of the mountains. They now approached the fold, which was a large space, that had been cleared of the brush-wood, and enclosed by branches of the dwarf birch and aspen, stuck around to prevent the deer from straying. As the herd came up to it, the deer made frequent snortings, and a loud crackling was heard, produced by their hoofs striking against each other. These animals, which are endued with an exquisite sense of smelling, soon perceived there were strangers near; and our appearance, so different from the dress of the Laplanders, to which they had been accustomed, alarmed them to such a degree, that it was necessary for us to retire till they had entered the fold. After some difficulty, the whole of the herd were at length collected within the circle; and the women, bringing their bowls from the tent, began the operation of milking, which, as some hundreds of deer were assembled, was likely to take up a considerable time. In this both the women and men were busily employed. Before each deer was milked, a cord with a noose was thrown round the horns, by which it was secured and kept steady. The Laplanders are in general extremely expert at this; and it was surprising to see the exactness with which the noose was thrown from a considerable distance, hardly ever failing to light upon the horns of the deer for which it was intended, though in the thickest of the herd. The cord for this purpose was made of the fibres of the birch, very neatly plaited together, and exceedingly strong. During the short time the animal was milking, this cord was either held by one of the women, or made fast to a birch shrub; some of the thickest having been stripped of their leaves, and left standing for this purpose. Many of the deer, instead of being tractable as I had previously imagined, were very refractory, frequently even throwing the women down, and butting at them with their horns. The latter seemed very little to mind this: but, strong as the Laplanders are, they appeared to have little power over one of these animals; for, when it had the cord round its horns, and refused to be milked, it dragged the holder with ease round the fold. The quantity of milk that each deer gave hardly exceeded a tea-cup full; but it was extremely luscious, of a fine aromatic flavour, and excelling cream in richness. Of this we eagerly partook after we had permission, which, however, Per Mathisson did not seem at first very willing to grant; but his sullen nature was soon softened by the brandy, which we had brought for the purpose, and of which the females partook, though with some moderation. The whole of them, however, on drinking it, made strange wry faces on account of its strength: not that this diminished their desire for it; on the contrary, after emptying each glass, to the very last drop, they smacked their lips with signs of the greatest satisfaction, begging immediately for an additional quantity.

In the middle of the herd of deer, suspended to the branches of a low birch, was a child about a year old, enclosed in a kind of cradle, or rather case covered with leather, with a coarse piece of linen

cloth attached to it, to protect the infant from the heat of the sun, and from the mosquitoes. When the child began to cry, the cradle was swung backwards and forwards, having the same effect as rocking. The Laplanders, when they have occasion to go any distance from their tents, frequently, for safety, leave their children thus suspended on a tree, by which they are secured from the attack of any ravenous animal, that might happen to approach.

It was already past midnight before the whole of the herd was milked. The sun had left the heavens about an hour, but a deep orange tint on the verge of the horizon showed that it was not far below it. The deer were at length turned out from the fold, and spreading themselves along the sides of the mountains, were quickly lost to our view. The Laplanders now collecting the milk they had obtained, which amounted to a considerable quantity, proceeded with it toward the tent, giving us an invitation to supper. Having accepted it, we crept in, and seated ourselves on rein-deer skins, which were strewn on the ground. The business of making the cheese now commenced; and Marit Martins Datter, emptying the milk from the bowls into a large iron pot, placed it over a fire, which she had made in the centre of the tent, and the smoke of which annoyed us more than any thing. Every corner was filled with it, and it caused the tears to stream plentifully from our eyes. The only outlet it had was an opening at the top of the tent; and in order to withstand it in some measure, we lay down flat, by which we were enabled to breathe more freely. The milk, after remaining a short time on the fire, assumed the consistency of curd; and being taken off, was placed in small moulds made of beech wood, and pressed together. The number of cheeses thus made amounted to about eight, of the size of a common plate, and barely an inch in thickness.

The whey and curds that remained were for our supper; which we commenced, though the dirty habits of both the men and women very much diminished my appetite. Marit Rasmus Datter, the wife of the other Laplander, eagerly licked with her tongue the bottoms of the bowls that had contained the milk. Fingers were here the only knives and forks; and the whole party, dipping their hands into the pot, grasped the curds, which were greedily conveyed to their mouths. Having previously drunk plentifully of the milk, I felt no inclination to join with them in their repast, and amused myself by observing their countenances and proceedings. After the supper was finished, and the bowls and other utensils removed to a corner of the tent, fresh wood, to my great mortification, was placed on the fire, which, being green, again enveloped us in smoke. On its burning up, the flames reached the cheeses, which had been made some time before, and were placed on a board directly over the fire, in order that the smoke might harden them. Their richness and the heat caused large drops of oil to trickle from them, which were licked off by the men with an evident relish. The whole group was certainly a curious one. Opposite us, around the fire, were the uncouth figures of the Laplanders, squatting on their haunches, as is their constant custom. In one corner were two children asleep in deer skins; and more than twenty small dogs were also taking their repose about us. It was soon time for the men to commence their nightly employment of watching the deer: and accordingly one of them left the tent. On making a signal, about half the dogs, whose turn it was to commence the watch, started suddenly up, and followed their master to the mountains. I was greatly surprised to find the rest take no notice of the summons, and remain quietly stretched on the deer skins, well aware,

singular as it may seem, that it was not their turn. The morning was now pretty far advanced: the Laplanders, who remained within the tent, prepared to go to sleep; and accordingly, taking our departure, we walked back to Fugleness, well amused with the excursion.

## THE DRAMA.

*—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BACCHUS.*

## THE EARL OF ROSS: A TRAGEDY.

This simple but powerful dramatic essay, is said to be the production of a Highland gentleman of family and property, himself destined to rank as the chief of a distinguished clan in the county of Ross. We cannot state the subject of this short drama better than in the following terms, extracted from the preliminary illustration:

"The ancient Thanes of Ross could boast the greatest antiquity and splendour; and, at the period of which I write, held the first rank amongst the Scottish nobles. Malcolm Ross, the last of that illustrious line, whose peculiar fate is the subject of the following tragedy, was nephew to the reigning King Malcolm, by the Princess Euphemia, married to Duncan, the last Thane of Ross, and amongst the first of the ancient chiefs elevated to the dignity of Earl. This distinguished nobleman having afterwards unfortunately taken part in a casual rebellion, so common in those turbulent times, was overthrown and made prisoner at the battle of Hurlly, and barbarously put to death by Murdoch Mac Gregor, Thane of Lochaber, King Malcolm's general and natural brother."

The piece opens with a soliloquy of the young and ardent Earl, which combines striking beauties of scenery and sentiment.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Battlements of the Castle of Ross, at Dingwal, in Ross-shire.*

ENTER THE EARL OF ROSS.—TIME.—MORNING

Ross. The morning breaks apace,  
And the receding curtain of the night  
Unveils the beauties of this mountain scene.  
Triumphant Nature! how pleasing to the soul,  
To taste the freshness of the early dawn!  
The woodlands pour with warbling melody;  
And, in the east, the glorious gem of heav'n,  
Slowly ascending from its radiant bed,  
Imparts fresh graces to the virgin day,  
And to the slumbering world new life and joy.  
That clear expanse of sea—offspring of the main,  
Unruffled by the tempest's hurried breath,  
Gives to this vale of Ross a magic air.  
O my lov'd country! to heal those scars be mine,  
Which civil broils have on your bosom made—  
With potent arm restrain each haughty chief,  
And to your wasted fields fair peace restore.

The Earl is passionately attached to Ellen, daughter of Monar's chief, who returns his passion with equal tenderness; but the immemorial feuds between the families give occasion to earnest remonstrances on the part of the Earl's friends, among whom the valiant Thane of Sutherland holds the first place. The enforcement of their arguments by omens and visions of the night, is at once characteristic of the country, and highly poetical. The Earl and Thane, with their followers, join in the chase over grounds thus beautifully described:

Ross. Be thou their guide to Weave's western bound  
Where turbid Garve descends in rapid course;  
Bleak are its banks, and from the shelving rocks  
The birch low weeping drinks the boiling flood;  
Thence along hoary Monar's eastern side;  
Then trace the windings of the doleful Conon.

The Thane of Lochaber loves Ellen, and her father enforces her friend's suit with stern authority; but she resists the hateful proposal with filial respect, yet with unbending resolution. The Thane comes to the tower of Monar (Fairburn, not far from Dingwal.)

From that sterile garden of the north, to pluck  
The fairest flower that Scotia's realm adorns.

In the chase, a retainer of the Earl o Ross meets the chief of Monar, and wounds him severely. Ross and Sutherland, indignant at the intemperate act, bear Monar with great tenderness to his castle. Monar knowing that Lochaber had arrived, entreats the Chiefs not to approach Monar tower, but in vain; Ross replies:

This sword hath yet preserved its virgin lustre,  
Unstain'd by human blood of friend or foe;  
But, though unus'd to perils and affray,  
Just infamy would on my name affix,  
Did I once shrink to meet my mortal enemy—  
My father's murderer, and my country's scourge.

Lochaber, having basely and unsuccessfully solicited one of his followers to murder his young and favoured rival, accomplishes the deed with his own hand and in the presence of the distracted Ellen. Sutherland enters at that instant, disarms, and kills Lochaber. Over the Earl, Florence, who had secretly cherished an attachment for him, which she knew to be bootless, yet which only acquired strength from her virtuous struggles to repress it, tenderly exclaims:

Peace to thy gallant soul, much-loved youth!  
Adorned with every blandishment that could exalt,  
Or move the heart to virtue or to love,  
Thy country's gem, and hope and champion,  
To wrench it from the grasp of tyranny.  
True lover's tears shall ever flow for you—  
For you the patriot heaves the fervent sigh;  
Your country's bosom, your eternal tomb—  
Its pride while living, and its boast now dead!

Unhappy Ellen gazes on her lover's corpse till reason quite forsakes her brain.

Behold the deep and ghastly wound,  
That robb'd my Malcolm of his life!  
It disappears—he moves—he lives—  
Love sparkles in his lambent eyes—  
And glows upon his youthful cheek!  
Behold! he stands upon yon pointed rock,  
And beckons me to come to him!  
I come, I come, my murdered love—

[She ascends the rock.  
I see him not—my eyes are dim with tears.  
Malcolm! murdered Malcolm! I see him,  
I see him in the clear bosom of the lake,  
Still wooing me to come to him!  
Oh! horror, horror! it is not him—  
'Tis the Thane Lochaber that pursues!  
Oh! save me, save me, from the murderer!  
It is—it is my Malcolm! I go—  
I go to you, my murdered love!  
Never—never more to part.

[Plunges into the Lake.  
While search is made for Ellen, Florence says:

It is reported, on these desert heaths,  
Despairing spirits have of late been heard,  
Calling on heav'n for succour and revenge—  
That, clad in armour, airy warriors wield,  
The threat'ning falchion, and the pendent shield.  
'Tis also said that at the early dawn,  
A nymph is seen to range these solitudes,  
All in a shroud of snow-white purity:  
A lily in her pensive breast she wears,  
And, on her ling'ring lover faintly calls,  
As she intensely gazes on the lake,  
Seeming enamour'd of some wat'ry spirit.

[Ellen is seen floating on the Lake.  
Second Attend. Lifeless, behold her floating on  
the lake!

Florence. Oh what a sight of woe!  
Oh, sad catastrophe!  
An angel form ne'er graced a form more pure;  
And, if to heav'n such gentle spirits go,  
Thine, lovely maid will there enjoy repose.

It would not only be superfluous but impertinent to add one word in praise of such sweet and affecting poetry.

## BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

## MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

William Hogarth was born in London in the year 1697. He was bound apprentice to a mean engraver of arms on plate, but did not remain long in this occupation before an accidental circumstance discovered the impulse of his genius, and that it was directed to painting. One Sunday, he set out with two or three of his companions on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house, where they had not been long, before a quarrel arose between two persons in the room, one of whom struck the other on the head with a quart pot, and cut him very much. Hogarth drew out his pencil, and produced



an extremely ludicrous picture of the scene. What rendered this piece the more pleasing was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the persons gathered round him.

The first painting he executed was one of the Wanstead Assembly; and for some time he carried on the business of painter and engraver: some of the paintings in Vauxhall are by him, and his published works are too well known to need description; we shall therefore close our notice with one or two anecdotes.

Hogarth being one day distressed to raise so trifling a sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged on his landlady, who strove to compel him to payment, he drew her as ugly as possible, and in that single portrait gave marks of the dawn of superior genius. It was Hogarth's custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which particularly struck him, and of which he wished to preserve the remembrance. A gentleman being once with the artist at the Bedford Coffee-house, observed him to draw something with a pencil on his nail. Inquiring what had been his employment, he was shown the whimsical countenance of a person who was then sitting in company.

Hogarth married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, who was dissatisfied with the match. Soon after this period, he began his celebrated picture of the *Harlot's Progress*, and was advised to have some of his pictures placed in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly, one morning early Mrs. Hogarth undertook to convey several of them into his dining-room. When Sir James rose, he inquired from whence they came; and being told, he said, "Very well! the man who can produce representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He soon after, however, became not only reconciled, but even generous to the young couple.

The "*Harlot's Progress*," in which the pencil was rendered subservient to the purposes of morality and instruction, rendered the genius of Hogarth conspicuously known. Above twelve hundred names were entered in his subscription book. It was made into a pantomime, and represented on the stage. Fans were likewise engraved, containing miniature representations of all the six plates.

The celebrated Henry Fielding had often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth; unluckily, however, no picture was drawn. After his death, Mr. Hogarth laboured to try if he could produce a likeness of his friend from images existing of his own family; and just as he was despairing of success, for want of some rule to go by, in the dimensions and outlines of the face, fortune threw the grand desideratum in his way. A lady, with a pair of scissors, had cut a profile, which gave the distances and proportions of his face sufficiently to restore his lost ideas of him. Glad of an opportunity of paying his last tribute to the memory of an author whom he admired, Hogarth caught at the outline with rapture, and finished an excellent drawing, which is the only portrait of Fielding extant, and which recalls to the memory of all who have seen him, a corresponding image of the man. It has been said, that this portrait was painted from a representation of Fielding's features, by Garrick; but the English Roscius had no other share in the business, than that of urging Hogarth to attempt the likeness.

Hogarth was a very absent man. When he set up his carriage, having occasion to visit the Lord Mayor, on coming out he walked home wet to the skin, forgetting that he had his own chariot at the door. Hogarth died on the 25th of October, 1764.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

*The Agate Mills, at Oberstein, in Germany.*

Oberstein is a small town, situated in the valley of the Rhine, on the right bank of the Rhine, between Frankfort and Coblenz; and about four miles from it, close to a little village called Idar, on the base of the Gatzberg mountain, are found immense quantities of agates of different kinds. These are cleaned, cut, and polished at various shops adapted to this purpose, in the neighbourhood of the spot where they are collected. They are called Agate mills. Several grinding stones, each of which is six feet in diameter, and nearly a foot and a half thick, are fixed on the same axis, and are put in motion by a body of water, which is of considerable volume, and falls from a considerable height. The stones are of red quartz, very hard, and very heavy: the axis which turns with them is on a level nearly with the floor of the shop, so that half the stone revolves in a place hollowed out for the purpose below the surface. A small stream of water is carried over each stone, so as to keep them constantly wet; and about the upper part of the stone is a sort of pent-house, to prevent the water from spattering on the workmen. The persons who grind the agates lie with the face downwards on a stool called the grinding-stool, with which, by means of their feet and stakes fixed into the ground behind them, to which the stools are attached by braces, they can move closer to, or further from, the grinding-stone. In this position, holding in their hands a short stick, about an inch in diameter, made of rather soft wood, like the wood of the willow, or of the birch tree, to one end of which the stone to be ground is fastened, the other resting on the grinding stool, the workmen expose the agate to the action of the grinding-stone, and it is very soon fashioned to their will. The greater or less pressure against the stone, is caused by the workman moving his stool closer to or further from it. By long practice the workmen grow very expert at this operation, and by applying the agate to the edges of the grinding stone, or to its surface, they shape the hardest stones in a manner that would require, but for this simple method, a great deal of time to perform. The loss of the substance seems of no consequence to them, agates are so very plentiful; and very often, as with common flints, the workmen knock off large pieces with hammers.

The stones are subject to one effect, which could hardly have been anticipated, and for which it seems difficult to account. Though they appear quite free from any kind of cracks, and equal throughout, they sometimes burst, when new, with considerable violence. After being in use for three weeks or a month, such a strange occurrence never takes place. The people of the country say, this is caused by air, which exists in the cavities of the stone, and which receives such expansive power by the rotatory motion, that it bursts this hard substance with such violence as to destroy every thing which comes within the sphere of its action. We rather suppose that the active agent here is water, not air; but without having a more minute description of the stones, of the temperature of the workshops, and several other circumstances than is given in the French work, from which this account is taken, it is impossible for us to form an opinion. The fact cannot be doubted on such authority, but it needs explanation. The accident has occurred indeed four times within forty years at the mills at Oberstein, killing on two occasions two grinders, and on another, wounding a third; and there are also instances on record of its occurring at other places. A good

stone for this work lasts about six years, and then is reduced to two feet in diameter, but still serves some purposes. The most perfect of this kind of mills is situated at Birkenfeld, and here instead of breaking the agates with hammers, they saw them, which is of considerable advantage, particularly in furnishing pieces of a regular shape, which then become the ornaments of the cabinets of mineralogy.

## PROPERTIES OF OCTOBER BEER.

Practical brewers are well aware, that the peculiar flavour and other qualities of malt liquor depend very much on the water used, the temperature of the air, and the particular exposure of the malt-house as well as the brewhouse. London porter, therefore, can only be brewed in London; for though a London brewer were to go to Calcutta, or St. Petersburg, and use what he imagines to be the same ingredients, and the same process, he will be altogether disappointed in the result. Hence the impracticability of following the receipts given in books for making Edinburgh, Burton, or Windsor ale; for without the same water, and the same exposure, as the famous breweries in those particular places, the thing is impossible.

It is these several circumstances which influence the qualities of beer brewed in October, which has for ages acquired a high character. The state of the air, except so far as regards its temperature, we cannot so particularly appreciate; but we know some of the changes which take place in water during the month of October. The decay of vegetables, in immense quantities, must tend to impregnate both rivers and springs with putrid matter, which, if not in great excess, may be rendered inoffensive by combining with the earthy salts of the water; and at the same time these salts will be in some degree neutralized, and the water rendered softer than before; and nobody needs to be told, that the softer water is, the more fitted it is for brewing. A late author is therefore decidedly wrong, who says it is to an erroneous prejudice that October beer owes its fame, and that what is brewed in February and March must be better. We doubt not that some summer malts may be slack, and even run over the kiln again; but that is not the fault of October. The bad effects of the putrid water, after it has undergone the heat and fermentation of the brewing process, must be wholly imaginary.

## PATENT ROLLER PUMP.

A Mr. Rangely has obtained a patent in England for a new pump, the following description of which is given in the *Mechanic's Gazette*: It consists of two fluted rollers (with a strong axis or spindle passing through their centre), placed horizontally, and parallel to each other, each fitted to the outward side of the rollers, and both bored completely true, the end of the demi-cylinders being connected together by a plate, which is nicely ground and polished. The rollers are completely enclosed in a frame, and converted into a pump, without friction (except upon the axis or necks on which they rest), being at the same time (when moving with a tolerable velocity) sufficiently proof against the waste of water at any depth which it is usual for pumps to lift. It is equally adapted for a sucking, lifting, or forcing-pump, and may be conveniently attached to all kinds of motion by a cog-wheel, fixed upon the axis or shaft of one of the rollers, or by a winch in its place where manual labour is required.

The advantage of this pump consists in its uniting at the same time convenience and simplicity with strength and durability. Being wrought by a rotatory, instead

of a reciprocating motion (as in the common pump), it is constantly at work, raising water with a continued stream; and is not subject to loss of power and waste of water, by making a waste or returning stroke. Requiring, also, no stuffing or packing, it is seldom out of order, which renders it pre-eminently adapted to the draining of mines, particularly deep ones. It possesses also the advantage of being wrought by shafts resting on their own base with a rotatory motion, so that much less power is required to turn them, instead of being wrought (as the case is with the common pump) by a rod connected from the bucket to the engine-beam.

## CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS. No. VIII.

*Timber in a Seventy-four gun Ship.*—A seventy-four gun ship will swallow up nearly 3,000 loads of oak timber: a load of oak timber contains fifty cubical feet, and a ton forty feet; so that a seventy-four gun ship takes 2,000 large well-grown timber trees, of perhaps two tons each. The distance recommended for planting trees is thirty feet; but supposing trees to stand at the distance of two rods, (thirty-three feet) each statute acre would contain forty trees; of course, the building of a seventy-four gun ship would clear the timber of fifty acres. Even supposing the trees to stand one rod apart, (a short distance for trees of the magnitude above-mentioned) it would clear twelve acres and a half; no inconsiderable plot of ground. The complaints relative to the decrease of our timber are not to be wondered at under such circumstances; and this calculation points out to landed proprietors the necessity and patriotism of continually planting more trees to supply our future wants.

*Musical Language.*—There is now a new system of tuition in music in Paris, which is all the rage. A. M. Sudre teaches what he calls a musical language, which is applicable to every instrument. Persons of all nations may converse with each other in music in this way, without the trouble of learning to speak a language. In one of Mr. S.'s recent courses, a Turk, upon the flute, conversed for half an hour with a Frenchman, who played the fiddle. The latter, of course, knew the Turkish language upon principle, but not a word could he speak. This system may be very useful, if generally adopted amongst well-informed musical persons, because we know it is easy to learn sufficiently of a language to form phrases in the course of a very few months, but that it requires years to be able to utter them correctly or agreeably.

*Birdlime.*—The best birdlime is made of the middle bark of the holly, boiled seven or eight hours in water, till it is soft and tender; then laid in heaps in pits in the ground and covered with stones, the water being previously drained from it; and in this state left for two or three weeks to ferment till it is reduced to a kind of mucilage. This being taken from the pit, is pounded in a mortar to a paste, washed in river water, and kneaded, till it is freed from extraneous matters. In this state it is left four or five days in earthen vessels, to ferment and purify itself, when it is fit for use.

It may likewise be obtained from the mistletoe, the viburnum lantana, young shoots of elder, and other vegetable substances.

*Alcohol.*—From the great expansive power of alcohol it has been made a question, whether it might not be applied with advantage in the working of steam-engines. From a series of experiments made by Betancourt, it appears, that the steam of alcohol has, in all cases of equal temperature, more than



double the force of that of water; and that the steam of alcohol at 174° F. is equal to that of water at 212°: thus there is a considerable diminution of the consumption of fuel, and where this is so expensive as to be an object of great importance, by contriving the machinery so as to prevent the alcohol from being lost, it may possibly at some future time be used with advantage, if some other fluid of great expansive power, and inferior price, be not found more economical.

**Strength and Cohesion of Bodies.**—Mr. Rennie the Engineer, made a number of experiments, in order to ascertain the strength or cohesion of a variety of bodies employed in the various arts of life. His mode of doing this was to determine what weight was necessary in order to crush a cubical inch of these different bodies. The result of his experiments was as follows:

	lbs. av.
Elm	1284
American pine	1608
White deal	1928
English oak	3860
Ditto of five inches long, slipped with	2572
Ditto of four inches, ditto	5147
A prism of Portland stone, two inches long	605
Ditto statutory marble	3216
Craigleith (Scotland) stone	8698

**Perpetual Fire.**—In the peninsula of Aheberon, province of Shirwan, formerly belonging to Persia, but now to Russia, there is found a perpetual, or as it is there called, an eternal fire. It rises, or has risen from time immemorial, from an irregular orifice of about twelve feet in depth, and 120 feet in width, with a constant flame. The flame rises from the height of from six to eight feet, is untended with smoke, and yields no smell. The finest turf grows about the borders, and at the distance of two toises are two springs of water; the inhabitants have a veneration for this fire, and celebrate it with religious ceremonies.

**Confusion of the Senses.**—The Paris papers recount prodigies of a woman in the neighbourhood of Lyons. The circumstances of her case have confounded philosophers, and left her no credit with men unaccustomed to scientific reasoning. Learning hesitates because it wants principles to explain; ignorance decides at once, because it knows not the variety of undiscovered principles which exist. The case of this woman is that of a confusion of all senses,—of seeing, smelling, hearing, touching, and tasting. The quality of one sense seems transferred to another; there is a kind of organic confusion and substitution; the eyes do duty for the ears, the taste for the eyes, and the touch for the taste.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

**Camel Cricket, or Praying Mantis.**—This insect, which is a stranger to the British isles, is found in most of the warmer parts of Europe, and is entirely of a beautiful green colour. It is nearly three inches in length, of a slender shape, and in its general sitting posture is observed to hold up the two fore legs slightly bent, as if in an attitude of prayer: for this reason the superstition of the vulgar has confirmed on it the reputation of a sacred animal; and a popular notion has often prevailed, that a child or traveller having lost his way, would be safely directed by observing the quarter to which the animal pointed when taken into the hand. But in its real disposition it is very far from sanctity; preying with great rapacity on any of the smaller insects which fall in its way, and for which it lies in wait with anxious assiduity, in the posture at first mentioned, seizing them with a sudden spring when within its reach, and devouring them. It is also of a very pugnacious nature; and when kept with others of its own species, in a state of captivity, will attack its neighbour with the utmost violence, till one or the other is destroyed in the contest. Roëse, who kept some of these insects, ob-

serves, that in their natural conflicts, their manœuvres very much resemble those of hussars fighting with sabres; and sometimes one cleaves the other through at a single stroke, or severs the head from the body. During these engagements the wings are generally expanded, and when the battle is over, the conqueror devours his antagonist.

Among the Chinese, this quarrelsome property in the Mantis, is turned into a similar entertainment with that afforded by fighting cocks and quails: (for to this insect, or one closely allied to it, is supposed that the following passage in Mr. Barrow's account of China alludes.) "They have even extended their inquiries after fighting animals into the insect tribe, and have discovered a species of Gryllus, and Locust, that will attack each other with such velocity as seldom to quit their hold, without bringing away at the same time a limb of their antagonist. These little creatures are fed and kept apart in bamboo cages, and the custom of making them devour each other is so common, that during the summer months, scarcely a boy is to be seen without his cage of grasshoppers."

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**Monument of Copernicus.**—The colossal bronze statue of Nicolaus Copernicus, about to be erected at Warsaw, will be placed in front of the magnificent edifice (belonging to the Society of the Friends of Science), in the Cracow suburb, not far from the site of the Church of the Dominicans, which has been taken down. This illustrious man will be represented as seated on an antique chair, finely dressed in an academical toga, and holding in one hand a celestial sphere, marked with astronomical circles. The expense of this monument will be defrayed by voluntary contributions.

**The Austrian Society of Musical Amateurs.**—This admirable institution possesses a very fine library of about 900 volumes; all of which are on subjects belonging to the literature of music. Many of the books are exceedingly rare and costly; among the more valuable articles are many unedited MSS. particularly one containing materials for a continuation of Gerber's *Kunstler-Lexicon*. All these works are classed and described in a catalogue raisonné. In addition to the literary publications and MSS. there is a collection of about 7000 pieces of music, by upwards of 700 different composers; and these also are catalogued in alphabetical order, and according to their themes. The same society has likewise a museum of Turkish and other singular musical instruments, and curiosities; with a collection of more than 500 portraits of composers, singers, &c. For the most of what has been done, the public are indebted to the zeal and the ability of Baron von Knorr. He it was who accomplished, in so admirable a manner, the extremely difficult task of systematizing and arranging the various compositions. The catalogue, containing very valuable critical and biographical notices of each composer, is alone sufficient to attest the industry, information, and enthusiasm, with which he labours to promote the excellent views of this institution to render it of real service, to advance the art, and to animate its professors.

**Fine Arts.**—The Cavalier Tambroni is editing at Rome, a work entitled, *Istruzioni Pittoriche*. It will throw considerable light on the practice of painting in Italy at the revival of the art, and supply much information relative to its history, being an authentic production of Cennino Cennini, a pupil of Giotto. Among other intelligence to be gained from this valuable document, we here

find recorded, that oil colours were employed in that country before the period usually assigned for their invention.

**Distillation of Sea Water.**—A French chemist, M. Clement, has invented an economical still, by the use of which, with one ton of coal, from six to seven tons of fresh water may be obtained. Though distilled sea-water will never be used by seamen while good fresh water can be procured, yet, in long voyages, the stowage for water constitutes so material a portion of a ship's tonnage, as to form a serious drawback to the owner's property and profits. We have, however, often thought, that ships fitted for a long voyage ought always to be provided with a portable still, as a preventive against the worst of all horrors, the want of water in tropical regions.

**Organic Remains.**—Some organic remains were lately discovered in the blue lias, near Lyme in England, which appears to differ widely from any which have been before discovered at Lyme, either of the ichthyosaurus or plesiosaurus, while they approach nearly the structure of the turtle. The dimensions are found to be, from the snout to the tail, nine feet, and across the back, from the extreme points of the two front paddles, four feet. The head, which is very perfect, is not more than from four to five inches in length; the four paddles are beautifully preserved, though little has yet been done to them: the phalanges are clearly seen from the humerus to the farthest processes.

**Black Glass.**—The German papers state, that a Mr. Zich, glass-manufacturer, in the works of Furstenberg, at Schwartzan, on the Austro-Bohemian frontiers, has invented a black glass, distinguished by great strength, purity, and transparency, and which does not crack or fly by change of temperature.

#### LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

*Saint Ronan's Well; by DR. GREEFIELD, Author of the Waverly Novels. 1824.*

With the exception of the *Bride of Lamermuir*, this is the most melancholy story that has been framed by the exhaustless author of the *Waverly Novels*. It is woven in crime, and its thread is cut by despair. Man is here portrayed in hues of darkness, with vice in his heart and infamy on his brow; and as if this were not enough to excite the gloomiest sensations, the few bright characters that figure upon the dark scene take their leave in wretchedness, in exile, and in death. It is a tale which will be better relished by the light of heart and the gay, than by those whose spirits have been darkened by affliction, and whose steps have trodden the rough path of adversity; for the latter will find nothing in these pages to beguile the weariness of their destiny. It is a fact more true than many are aware, that the sad-hearted and melancholy man is the one on whom the comic and the ludicrous have the greatest effect: they bring a relief to his heavy feelings; his mirth will be the loudest and the longest, and he will cling to it with pertinacity from the consciousness that when it is over, like a flash of midnight lightning, it will leave him more benighted than ever. Search the hearts that swell with deepest sorrow, and look upon the eyes most ready and most profuse in tears when the tragic actor is binding the feelings in his spell, and you will find that those are the hearts on which the fingers of care have been laid very lightly, and those are the eyes which are usually radiant with hope and with joy. Thus much, by way

of argument—and now to this mournful story.

Francis Tyrrel and Clara Mowbray are the persons in these volumes for whom the feelings are roused until they ache with feverish anxiety. In order to account for their characters, it is necessary to develop their early history, and the events of their youthful hours. It is the tale of a clouded morn and a mildewed spring. Francis Tyrrel and Valentine Bulmer are sons of the Earl of Etherington; the former the rightful successor to the titles and fortune of the father; but the latter, the son of a second marriage, reputed the heir, the Earl's first marriage having been private and never acknowledged.

Clara Mowbray is the only sister of the last descendant of the ancient and time-honoured Mowbrays of St. Ronan, on whose fortunes the setting sun is shining while the moss of decay grows green on the battlements of his fathers. Francis Tyrrel and his half-brother Valentine Bulmer, come down to Scotland with the intention of sporting away a few months, and quarter themselves at the Inn in the neighbourhood of St. Ronan's castle. Francis and Clara meet and love—Valentine encourages their attachment in the hope of drawing down on his brother's head the anger of his father, and thus securing to himself the succession. They determine on a private marriage, when Valentine learns from his father that a grand uncle had made a will, (grand uncles often make confoundedly foolish wills) bequeathing an immense property to the son of the Earl of Etherington provided he marry into the house of St. Ronan. He instantly resolves to supplant his brother. The marriage is to take place at night-fall—Valentine personates Francis, the ceremony is performed, he hurries Clara into a carriage and sets off for England. But Francis discovers his perfidy, and intercepts him on the road. The result is a mutual pledge between the brothers that they will never more cross the path of Clara Mowbray. Francis goes afar into foreign lands, and Valentine returns to England. The latter succeeds the Earl in title and fortune, gainsays his solemn promise, and renews his addresses to the unhappy Clara. To prevent him, Francis is introduced, bringing with him proofs of his own claims to the estates and the earldom of Etherington.

Francis Tyrrel is introduced as a solitary traveller, arriving at the old Inn of Meg Dods, near the castle of St. Ronan. Although young, his face bears the strong lines of care, and the ploughshare of affliction has already traced those deep furrows on his brow, which are far more sad to behold than the wrinkles which are dug by age and by time. There is something appalling in the care-worn countenance of youth; it is like the spring frost which ruins the promise of the year. The glorious prime of life ought not to be the season of storms; and its clouds, since it must be at times overshadowed, ought but to be the silver clouds of a serene morning. Sorrows should pass over the stream of young life, as rapid shadows cross the sparkling river and leave its waters rolling on in beauty and in brightness. It is soon enough to look for the ravages of distress on the face of man when the golden age of his existence is numbered. When the beautiful blossom of spring falls "into the sear and yellow leaf," we look on the unnatural ruin with surprise and with wonder. Still, the chastening hand of misfortune even when it probes the heart most keenly, has often a salutary influence. It subdues the excess of passion, the extravagance of hope, the exuberance of pride, and the impetuosity of self-confidence—Such are the uses of adversity:

"Bound in her adamant chain,  
The proud are taught to taste of pain."



But it is not so with all; it is not every heart that can be melted in the crucible of suffering. If we recollect aright, it is a remark of Lord Kames, that "common minds are rendered bumble, magnanimous minds proud by ill-fortune," and this is evidenced in the character of the noble-minded Tyrrel. On his first appearance, he is plainly one from whom fortune has rolled her unstable ball; one whose walk has been through the low valley of life, as well as upon its lofty mountain. We see him brought in contact with society, and bearing himself proudly and erect amongst the more favoured children of prosperity, unaffected by the airs of pampered vanity, and unawed by the strutting importance of supercilious presumption. There is a calm dignity in his demeanour, yet there is a certain something in his eye and his aspect, which bodes woe to them that presume on his calmness, and we feel, that to rouse his wrath, is to rouse the fierceness of the reposing lion. His is altogether a high-souled and commanding character; he is generous in his enmity, devoted in his affection, and noble in his fall.

The first interview between Tyrrel and Clara is deeply interesting. We are introduced to them before the thread of their mysterious story is unravelled. All that we can gather from their first meeting, is that some secret and irretrievable spell has bound them in dark and dreadful fetters. We see that they have met in times past; that a gloomy lapse of years has intervened; that their destinies are interwoven, we know not how, and that both are hopelessly miserable. A sad dialogue passes between them; their words are the words of wretchedness, and their accents are those of despair. We cannot refrain from extracting one little part of their conversation, which we deem superlatively beautiful—"Grief," replied Clara, "is the sickness of the mind, and its sister is the sickness of the body; they are twin-sisters, Tyrrel, and are seldom long separate. Sometimes the body's disease comes first, and dims our eyes, and palsies our hands, before the fire of our mind and our intellect is quenched. But mark me—soon after comes her cruel sister with her urn, and sprinkles cold dew on our hopes and our loves, our memory, our recollections, and our feelings, and shows us that they cannot survive the decay of our bodily powers." In these sentences we recognise the master's hand.

Clara, the beautiful, sad, broken-hearted Clara, bending beneath the dreadfulness of her doom, and fading amidst the wasted lilies of her youth, is a lovely creation. The wanderings of her agonized mind have a tinge of "Ophelia's" madness, and throughout, she keeps the feelings in a state of painful interest. We look on her slight and gentle form, and wonder how it could endure the ordeal so long; we look again on her cheek which the smile has left, and on her eye which hope has forsaken, and read there that her destiny is an early shroud and a youthful grave.

To wind up this mournful history, it is enough to say, that as it begins in sorrow it ends in death. The knell which tolls for Clara tolls also for the departure of Tyrrel from the scenes of his suffering, and his fate is left in uncertainty. We have already said that in these volumes we have man painted in the most odious colours. This is done in the character of the cunning, cold-blooded, hypocritical brother of the ruined Tyrrel. Sir Bingo Binks is a good specimen of the brute, all that is wanted to perfect him is an additional pair of legs with hoofs; Captain Mc Turk is a very civil and ceremonious cut-throat; and Mr. Winterblossom is quite *au fait* in the coxcomb. Lady Penelope Penfeather is about the most disgusting female character that the

author ever drew; a cold, selfish, intermeddling, conceited compound of meanness and vanity: and we can see in real life many a pretty face spoiled by a vinegar aspect like that of the beautiful and sullen lady Binks. However we cannot blame her much—Sir Bingo would make Euphrosyne herself pout unceasingly.—Mowbray the last lord of St. Ronans, the brother of the hapless Clara, does one act of justice by shooting Valentine Bulmer, to which we may add that it is a pity he did not pay himself a similar compliment with his remaining pistol.

Meg Dods, the hostess of the old inn, baffles description, and must, with several other worthies who figure amidst the passing occurrences, be passed over in silence. But we must say a word of our friend Touchwood, the fidgetty, self-willed, testy, managing and mis-managing, yet benevolent, noble, and open-hearted, old humorist. We shake hands with him cordially at parting, and bid him a kind farewell. There is, too, a beautiful episode in the history of the Rev. Mr. Carrill, but our limits prevent us from noticing him.

We understand that the author's next work will lead us back to the time of the crusades. It is a noble and spacious field, and as yet untravelled we believe by any novelist of talents except *Madam Cottin*. We hope he will bring before us the conquering Saladin and Richard of the Lion Heart. J. G. B.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE LONDON UNDER-TAKER AND THE OVER-TAKER.

Calling upon an old acquaintance the other day, who lodges in a house in which there are several apartments let out, I observed a couple of black staves at the door—a certain indication of a funeral. Before I could get up stairs, the undertaker, who had been marshalling his men, called out with a stentorian voice, and in a tone of a person who rather presided at the entrance of a building dedicated to festivity, than the superintendent of the last honours conferred upon the dead—"Stand aside there, I say, and make way for the corpse." In consequence of this peremptory command, a man as full of importance as Mr. Sable himself, and followed by a number of his myrmidons, rushed into the house, and stopping the bearers of the coffin, exclaimed, "Stand, in the King's name—you must pass no further—this body is my prisoner." Upon this the undertaker, who appeared to have more mirth than melancholy about him, replied, "With all my heart, 'tis no great matter whose prisoner he is now, as he is in close confinement already, and will soon be held in durance vile whether you or I have the conducting of him."

"He will not be conducted to any place," answered the fulfiller of the law; "he will remain where he is till his creditors are satisfied." "Umph!" said the undertaker, "they must be very unreasonable indeed, if they expect him to satisfy them; the best man living might find that a difficult task, but it is impossible for a man who is dead to give them satisfaction."

"He must remain above ground then," replied the bailiff. "If you mean," said the undertaker, "that his creditors will receive any advantage from this proceeding, both they and you will be egregiously mistaken; they may get something, to be sure, and that is a malignant fever, or a putrid sore throat, more easily caught than cured. In such a situation, therefore, I fancy he will be no desirable object to his creditors. By departing this life, he has eased those, at whose expense he lived, of a heavy burthen. You had better, therefore, let me have him out of the way."

"Not so fast," replied Nab; "let him remain till his friends redeem him; it will signify but little to you whether he is buried or not: as long as you have provided every thing necessary for the funeral, you must be paid; and, so as you have got your business done, you may now as well let me do mine: but 'tis needless to ask, when I command; therefore I make a seizure of this here body, and so you had better take yourself and your people away."

"That is as I please," replied Mr. Sable; "I have undertaken to see this body conveyed to its long home, and I will not give him up." "Why, if you have undertaken the corpse," answered the Catch-pole, "I may be fairly said to have overtaken it, therefore shall have the upper-hand of you; and now I should be glad to know from whence you set of men, whose business it is to provide every thing necessary for burying of the dead, came to be called undertakers; such a name does not become you; but it becomes rather any other profession, for instance I think it more applicable to me than to you."

"Not at all," answered Sable; "your profession is quite opposite to mine. You have proved yourself an expert over-taker; you have arrested us in our march, but you will in your turn be stopped. Death, sooner or later, will overtake us all." "It may be so," said the Bailiff; "but I do not want to be told of that. You talk in the way of your trade, and I act in the way of mine; so draw off your train of dismal looking dogs, and leave me as I am master of the field." "That's begging the question," answered Sable, "it is my business to deal with the dead, and so get you gone, or else mind the consequence."

This last speech produced a very sharp answer from Nab. "I am my Lord Mayor's Officer," cried Nab, raising his voice; "and I certainly shall not be commanded by you; once more then I say, withdraw." "Move," said Sable immediately to his men. They did so, and hurled proud defiance at Nab. A battle ensued between the followers of these respectable personages; during which, each of the principals stood aloof to view the affray: Sable declared in a very loud key, that though his men were armed with staves for their defence, and to keep off the enemy, they were no catchpoles. This unlucky expression irritated Nab to such a degree, that he instantly headed his corps himself, and fought with such intrepidity, that he drove off Sable and his black retinue. The latter swearing at all gentlemen who are so disorderly when living, that people will neither let them rest when they are gone, nor any body belonging to them.

### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

#### NEW SERIES OF THE MINERVA.

A wish having been frequently expressed by our Subscribers, that we should alter the form of our journal from quarto to octavo, being a more convenient size, we have resolved to meet their views on the 10th of April next, the day on which the 1st number of Vol. III. makes its appearance. A NEW SERIES of the MINERVA will then commence, and continue to be published in strict conformity with our original plan of arrangement. Each number will contain 16 pages octavo, making two handsome volumes in the year, for which title pages and tables of contents will be prepared. The paper will be of a superior quality, and the work printed on a new and handsome type.

As the MINERVA is intended for the library, a limited number of copies will be printed, so that no subscription can in future be received for a less period than a year; and this early notice is given that our present patrons, and those intending to become so, may regulate themselves accordingly. It may also be stated, that arrears are expected to be discharged before the close of the present volume, and the original terms of payment, in advance, complied with by all who wish to be continued on our list of Subscribers. As there will be no agents in the country for the MINERVA after the close of the present volume, subscribers are requested to make remittance (post paid,) to the publishers, Bliss and White, New-York.

No. 48 Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Legacy. Santi the Idiot. The Vicar and the Soldier.*  
THE TRAVELLER.—*Dreadful Catastrophes among the Alps. No. I.*  
THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*  
BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Michael Angelo.*  
ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Dietetic Use of Water. Poison Trees. The Air Pump. Curiosities for the Ingenious, No. 9.—Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.*  
LITERATURE.—*Poetical Enthusiasm.—Coincidences and Imitations in English Writers.—Literary Bulls.*  
CORRESPONDENCE.—*Excursion.*  
POETRY.—*To—; by "Sinclair." The Traveller; by "Theron;" with other pieces.*  
GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

### THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!

By the annual report of the Eye Infirmary it appears that 728 persons have been successfully treated for various diseases of the eye, and since its foundation 2494 patients have been relieved.

A bed of coal has been discovered in Chatham, Morris County, N. J. about eleven miles from Newark.

Dr. Ayres, has lately brought home from our African colony, a serpent of the *Anaconda* species which frequently grow to so extraordinary a size as to swallow tigers, lions, and oxen whole, after strangling them. The doctor is said to have seen one of these monsters, the dead body of which was found among the rocks of Messurado, that measured 36 feet long.

Mr. Denton, while boring for salt in Tennessee about the 20th of January, struck suddenly on a vein of sulphureous gas, which found a vent through a rock in the bed of the river, forcing a passage through the surrounding waters, which boiled with considerable violence round the place of its escape. A torch was then applied, which quickly communicated to the gas, and a blaze burst upwards to the height of forty feet.

An Italian gentleman announces that last summer he discovered the true northernmost, and westernmost sources of the Mississippi, as well as the southernmost sources of the river Sangante, improperly called Red River, emptying its waters in the Bay of the Hudson, through Lake Weenepeks and Nelson River.

### MARRIED,

Mr. George Duroche to Miss Eliza Thatcher.  
Horace Holden, Esq. to Miss Mary Cotton.  
Mr. Thomas Axiell to Miss Eliza Dick.  
Mr. William Binnin to Miss Hannah Leigh.  
Mr. Jesse West to Miss Elizabeth Callender.  
John T. Underhill to Miss Catharine Evans.  
Mr. David B. Young to Miss Jane Baptist.  
Mr. Leonard Harris to Miss Catharine Eliza Cole.  
Mr. Jeremiah Sagendorf to Miss Julia Ann Smith.  
Mr. James Geery to Miss Catharine Jones.

### DIED,

Capt. John Hunt, aged 39 years.  
Mr. Peter Williams, aged 75 years.  
Mr. John Arnet, aged 22 years.  
Mr. Peter Snyder, aged 34 years.  
Mr. Moore Caldwell.  
Mrs. Mary Clark, aged 59 years.  
Mr. Alexander Allen, aged 44 years.  
Mrs. Catharine Kelly.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

## THE DIRGE.

BY J. R. SUTHERMEISTER.

She sleeps  
Beneath the cold and fun'ral clod;  
And lone affection stands and weeps  
At night above the mould'ring sod,  
To think of joy, which once could play  
In sunny smiles upon her face;  
Ere dark disease had chased away,  
With envious breath, each lighter trace!

Aye so  
Dies the bright rose in verdant bower;  
Ere summer's sun can kindly throw  
Its rays upon the blooming flower!  
We scarce have time to love its bloom,  
And fondly deem it all our own,  
Joying to drink its blest perfume,  
Ere its bright hue and scent have flown?

Hope sung  
Ofttimes to her rapt ear his wood notes wild;  
Ere death the with'ring night shade flung  
Across the path of sorrow's child!  
False hope! where is thy truant wing?  
Lo! thy sweet song hath ceased for aye,  
And pale affliction fain must sing  
The Requiem o'er her silent clay!

Joy's sun  
Chequered ofttimes her tree of life;  
Whose almond blossoms danced upon  
The morning air, with fragrance rife.  
False sun and blighted tree! now o'er  
The long green grass that decks her grave,  
The votive verse at night shall pour,  
And the sad cypress mournful wail!

What though  
The storm of death hath burst on high;  
To robe in livery of woe  
Her morning youth's unclouded sky?  
Her spirit hath fled free and proud  
Upon the rainbow's wings of love;  
And from her harp strings wakes aloud  
Her grateful hymns in heaven above.

Weep not  
That she hath found a home on high;  
Who would not spurn an earthly lot  
To live an angel in the sky?  
Weep not—the hopes of life may lure  
But they are blighted in an hour;  
While the blest joys of heaven endure,  
Like the undying amaranth flower!

## Who'll Buy a Heart? Who'll Buy?

Poor heart of mine! tormenting heart!  
Long hast thou teased me—thou and I  
May just as well agree to part.

Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

I would 'twere gone! for I confess  
I'm tired—and longing to be freed;  
Come, bid, fair maiden! more or less—  
So good—and very cheap indeed.

Once more—but once—I cannot dwell  
So long—'tis going—going—fie!  
No offer—I've a heart to sell:

Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

Once—twice—and thrice—the money down,  
The heart is now transfer'd to you?  
Fair lady! make it all your own,  
And may it ever bless you too!

Its broken and its wounded part  
Your touch can heal. Go, lady! try,  
And I will give you all a heart,  
You would not buy—you would not buy.

## THE "HEART'S EASE."

By which of thy names shall I name thee, sweet flower!  
The fairest, the softest that blooms in the bower!  
The loveliest handmaid that waits on the spring,  
Whose tint vire with the bloom of the butterfly's wing.  
Though beautiful the hawthorn blows deep in the dale,  
Though sweetly its fragrance flows wild on the gale;  
Yet more fresh to the sight are thy dark cups of blue,  
And thy bright liquid gold-drop, more brilliant its hue.

Though beautiful the rose buds 'mid dew of the morn,  
Yet it glares on the sight—and the rose bears a thorn!  
But thy gentle flow'rets are modest and low;  
Like the daisy, thy sister, they tranquilly blow;  
And thou bearest no thorn to disturb the kind breast  
That (beautiful as thou art) would there bid thee rest.

Should I see thee, the garland in ringlets adorning,  
When lightly the rural dance owns the May morning,  
Should I there ask thy name, some soft maiden will tell  
That she gathered thee cover'd with dew in the dell.  
That young Colin was near confessing his flame,  
And appeals to that flower, and whisper'd its name—  
'Twas blooming as she was in morning of May,  
And "Jump up and kiss me,"—like her—seemed to say.

Yet by which of thy names shall I name thee, sweet flower!  
How call thee, thou pride of the garden and bower!  
How describe all the sweets I would fain have thee prove?  
How hail thee, when placed on the bosom I love!  
Oh! then there's a name which for ever be thine!  
And ever thy blossom there mayst thou entwine  
Mid all the gay flow'rets that fall to her lot,  
May thou, gentle "Heart's Ease" be "never forgot."

## SILLY WISHES.

"Nittur in vellum semper, cupinusque negata." Ovid.

Quoth Zachary Brigg, "Zooks! had I but a pig,  
I should then feel quite happy, I vow!"  
But the pig, when possess'd, gave his wishes no rest,  
For he then wish'd he had but a cow.

Mr. Hyde, in like manner, (the Bermudez Tanner.)  
First rais'd his bold thoughts to a clay;  
Of the clay quickly tir'd he madly aspir'd  
In a chariot to figure away.

Thus it ever occurs—wild Fancy men stir  
Each day to some restless pretension:  
The optative mood, to realities rude,  
Courts phantoms with constant attention.

## ADDRESS TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Sweet bird! whose imitative strain  
Of all thy tribe can personate the note,  
And with a burthen'd heart complain,  
Or to the song of joy attune thy throat;  
To thee! I touch the string,  
While at my casement, from the neighb'ring tree,  
Thou hail'st the coming Spring!  
And, plaintive, pour'st thy voice, or mock'st with merry glee!

Thou bringest to my mind  
The characters we find  
Amid the motley scenes of human life;  
How very few appear  
The garb of truth to wear,  
But with a borrow'd voice conceal a heart of strife!

Sure, then, with wisdom fraught,  
Thou art by nature taught,  
Dissembled joy in other's to deride;  
And when the mournful heart  
Assumes a sprightly part,  
To note the cheat, and with thy mocking chide.  
But when with doleful song  
You sing the woods among,  
And softer feelings in the breast awake;  
Sure, then, thy rolling note  
Doth sympathy denote,  
And shews thou can'st of others' grief partake.

Pour out thy lengthen'd strain,  
With woe and grief complain.  
And blend thy sorrows in the mournful lay;  
Thy moving tale reveal,  
Let me soft pity feel,  
I love in silent woe to pass the day!

## TO JULIA.

Breathe not again that tender air,  
To other strains attune your strings,  
It once could charm me from despair,  
But now—despair is all it brings!

Oh! it recalls a pang so keen  
Of budding joy—of promise blighted?  
Tells me of love that once hath been,  
Reminds me how that love was slighted!

With smiles my early hopes she fed,  
With passion-flowers my forehead shaded;  
Her smiles were false—my hopes are fled—  
And every flower of love hath faded!

Thus my beams delight the bee,  
As o'er the fragrant bower, he overs,  
Selects the fairest flower, like me,  
And dreams not of the snake it covers,

For hope had painted scenes so bright,  
Without one single tinge of sorrow;  
But, ah! those scenes are closed in night,  
A night, alas! without a morrow!

Yet in my heart she buried lies,  
Still, still her memory I nourish;  
Again you bid her image rise—  
But, ah! her falsehoods with it flourish.

Like you she sang—like you she play'd,  
Her eyes, like yours, with smiles would glisten;  
I dread, lest I'm again betray'd,  
I fear I'm lost, and yet I listen.

Then play no more—no more then sing,  
Let not her words again be spoken—  
For, oh! you touch too keen a string  
Upon a heart already broken!

## SONG.

In yonder grove of myrtle straying,  
I saw a damsel and a child,  
Joy on his frolic brow was playing,  
Her cheeks were pale, her looks were wild;  
Oft as he cull'd the dewy flowers,  
His playful gambols she forbid,  
And if he roved to distant bowers,  
His steps controll'd, his wanderings chid.

Time pass'd away on airy pinion,  
When lo! I met the nymph alone,  
The child had fled her harsh dominion,  
And hopeless she was left to moan:  
To learn the damsel's name I strove,  
And his who shunn'd her prying eye,  
The truant child I found was LOVE,  
The weeping mourner JEALOUSY.

## FAME.

What is fame? an empty bubble  
Floating on a sea of trouble,  
Hard to win, but easy lost,  
Seldom valued at its cost;  
Sought by all, by few obtain'd,  
Not enjoy'd when it is gain'd;  
Like the echo of the horn,  
Like the dew at early morn,  
Glittering for a while, and then  
Soon it vanishes again;  
When the trumpet's sound is o'er,  
Echo answers then no more:  
Mortals see the empty prize  
Glitt'ring in their eager eyes;  
Emulation fires the heart,  
Envy prompts with meaner art,  
Pale revenge and angry strife,  
Then creep in t' embitter life;  
He who thirsts for fame will find  
Little real peace of mind,  
Ever anxious to obtain it,  
Anxious still if he should gain it;  
'Tis indeed an empty bubble  
Floating on a sea of trouble.

## A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life  
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—  
It is a time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."  
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

## Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—It is a general failing.

PUZZLE II.—He is a beholder.

PUZZLE III.—The pronouns mine and thine.

PUZZLE IV.—Four sorts: 1. To repay good for good—*fitness*. 2. To repay evil for evil—*Per verseness*. 3. To repay evil for good—*Devilishness*. To repay good for evil—*Blessedness*.

PUZZLE V.—A hawk's eye, A lion's heart, and a Lady's hand.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

In how many forms does a physician appear to his patient?

II.

What kind of creatures are those who sleep not with their own faces?

III.

My first and second make, combined  
The pleasure of a soul refined;  
But should my second take my first away,  
My third, though strange, will suffer no decay.

IV.

A marble wall, as soft as milk,  
Lined with a skin as white as silk;  
At length, a golden ball appears,  
Bathed in a flood of crystal tears:  
No entrance in, no gates unfold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

## A COMPLETE AMERICAN

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

After Christ

- 1793 The President issues his proclamation, enjoining a strict neutrality, April 22.  
The yellow fever made its first appearance at Philadelphia in July, and raged till November, by which near 5000 people lost their lives.  
British order in council, authorising the capture of all vessels carrying supplies to, or bringing produce from the French colonies, Nov. 6.  
1794 British order in council, repealing that of the 6th Nov., but bearing equally hard upon American commerce, Jan. 8.  
The foundation of the American navy laid by an act of congress, authorising the building of six frigates, March 30.  
An embargo laid for 30 days, and afterwards extended to 60, March 28.  
John Jay, chief justice of the United States, appointed envoy extraordinary to Great Britain, April.  
Whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania subdued without bloodshed, August.  
J. B. Fauchet, French ambassador, arrives in the United States.  
The Indians totally defeated near the Rapids of the Miami of the Lakes, by general Wayne, August 20.  
Insurrection of the negroes in St. Domingo, and massacre of the whites, in which 3000 perished, August.  
Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, settled by John Jay, Jan. 10.  
M. Adet, French ambassador, arrives in the United States.  
Treaty concluded with Spain, Oct. 27.  
1796 Robert Liston, British ambassador, arrives in the United States.  
Tennessee made a State, and admitted into the union.  
1797 John Adams takes the oath of office as president of the United States (2d president, 3d term,) March 4.  
1798 William Blount, a senator in congress from the state of Tennessee, impeached by the house of representatives of a conspiracy to conquer Louisiana and the Floridas, for Great Britain; tried and acquitted, Jan.  
Warlike measures authorised against France, July 9.  
1799 The French frigate *Insurgente*, of 40 guns and 417 men, captured by the United States frigate *Constellation*, captain Truxton, after an action of 1 hour 30 minutes in which the *Insurgente* had 29 killed and 44 wounded, and the *Constellation* 1 killed and 2 wounded, Feb. 9.  
Second insurrection in Pennsylvania, March.  
The Bashaw of Tripoli orders away the American consul, April.  
O. Elsworth and P. Henry, American commissioners, sail for France, Nov. 3.  
General Washington died, aged 68 years, Dec. 14.  
1800 The United States frigate *Constellation*, captain Truxton, engaged the French frigate *La Vengeance*, which, after an action of 4 hours, and having her guns silenced, escaped by the mainmast of the *Constellation* falling at the very moment of victory, Feb. 1.  
The city of Washington made the seat of the general government, and the public offices removed there.  
Convention with France.  
Thomas Jefferson chosen (the third) president of the United States [4th term].  
1801 War declared against the United States by the Bashaw of Tripoli, June 10.  
1802 Ohio made a state, and admitted into the union.  
1803 Academy of fine arts, established at New-York, Jan. 5.  
Louisiana purchased from the French for 15,000,000 dollars, April 30.  
Anthony Merry, the British ambassador, arrived in the United States.  
Convention concluded between Lord Hawksbury and Rufus King, for settling the boundaries between the British provinces and the United States, returned by the President, unratified, May 12.  
The United States frigate *Philadelphia*, of 44 guns, struck on a rock in the harbour of Tripoli, and after resisting the attack of the forts and gun-boats for 4 hours, was made a prize by the enemy and her crew captives, Oct. 31.  
1804 Seventy volunteers from the American squadron, headed by lieutenant Stephen Decatur, enter the harbour of Tripoli and destroy the *Philadelphia* frigate, Feb. 16.  
Alexander Hamilton killed in a duel.

## EDITED BY

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